

A

LYRIC ODE.

[Price One Shilling.]

B

642.k. 13.
2

LYRIC ODE

ON THE

FAIRIES, AERIAL BEINGS, and WITCHES

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

H

LONDON:

Printed for J. WILKIE, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

1776.

LYRIC ODE

ON THE

FAIRIES, AERIAL BEINGS, and WITCHES

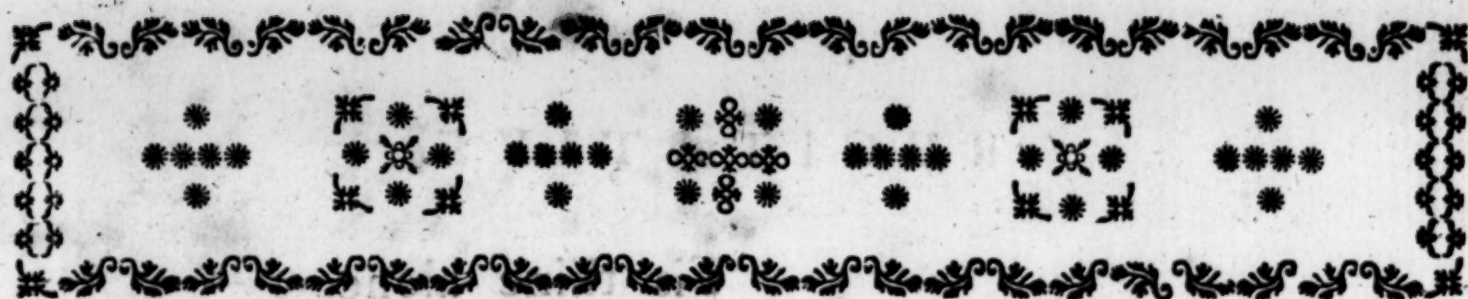
OF

SHAKESPEARE

LONDON:

Printed for J. WILKINS, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

1776



O D E.

P A R T I. O V E R T U R E.

C H O R U S.

O Guardian of that sacred land,
Where Avon's wood-crown'd waters stray;
Thou, whose all-powerful magic wand,
The throng'd ideal train obey.
Who dartest on swift eagle wings,
Beyond the flaming bounds of things.
O FANCY, hear!--

RECITATIVE.

'Tis thine alone
 High seated on a radiant throne,
 Fast by the Lyric muse,
 Her list'ning offspring to inspire;
 And ere they strike Apollo's golden lyre,
 In their full breasts to pour Castalia's genuine dew.
 Deem not my lips prophane, would praise
 A name unknown to thy chaste ear,
 No! Shakespeare now demands my lays,
 Shakespeare, to thee, to Phœbus dear.

ACCOMPANIED.

And Oh! how, at thy mighty name,
 My swelling breast hath caught the flame.

A I R.

Come then, O Fancy, bend thy bow,
 With me the muses arrows throw,
 At Avon's favour'd streams.
 For there full oft thy secret feet,
 Nightly have trod, thy darling son to meet,
 And wave before his eyes thy gaily glittering dreams.

RECI-

R E C I T A T I V E.

At Shakespeare's happy birth,
 With fire etherial, Jove his soul endow'd ;
 Then bade him spurn the narrow bounds of earth,
 And fordid wishes of the groveling crowd,
 That chain the free-born mind. " And take," he said,
 " This sacred charge, O Fancy. To his sight glancing,
 " In all their colours be display'd
 " The airy forms which sport in thy pure fields of light.
 " For his vast mind, with innate wisdom fraught,
 " Beyond what taught
 " The bards of yore,
 " Thy trackless regions boldly shall explore,
 " I guiding. Thus, O goddess, have I sworn.

A I R *and* C H O R U S.

" And now bright dawns the fated hour,
 " Earth now shall see and own thy pow'r
 " Forth beaming in thy fun. Be Shakespeare born."

RECI-

R E C I T A T I V E.

So spake the god. With eager joy
 Thou didst prevent his high behest,
 And gazing on th' immortal boy,
 Thrice fondly snatch'd him to thy breast,
 Then, rushing from the heav'nly height,
 The winds to Avon bore thy flight.

A I R.

There in old Arden's inmost shade,
 Far from the sun, thy spirits laid
 The Heav'n-entrusted child;

R E C I T A T I V E.

And as before his purged eyes
 Thou badest oft their sportive train arise,
 In silence fix'd he saw, look'd up to thee, and smil'd.

A I R.

Thy hand his youthful footsteps led,
 Beneath the pale moon's beam serene,

Where

Where tripping light, with wanton tread,
The fairies mark the mazy green ;
While some the blighting cankers kill,
And blebs the tender plant from ill.

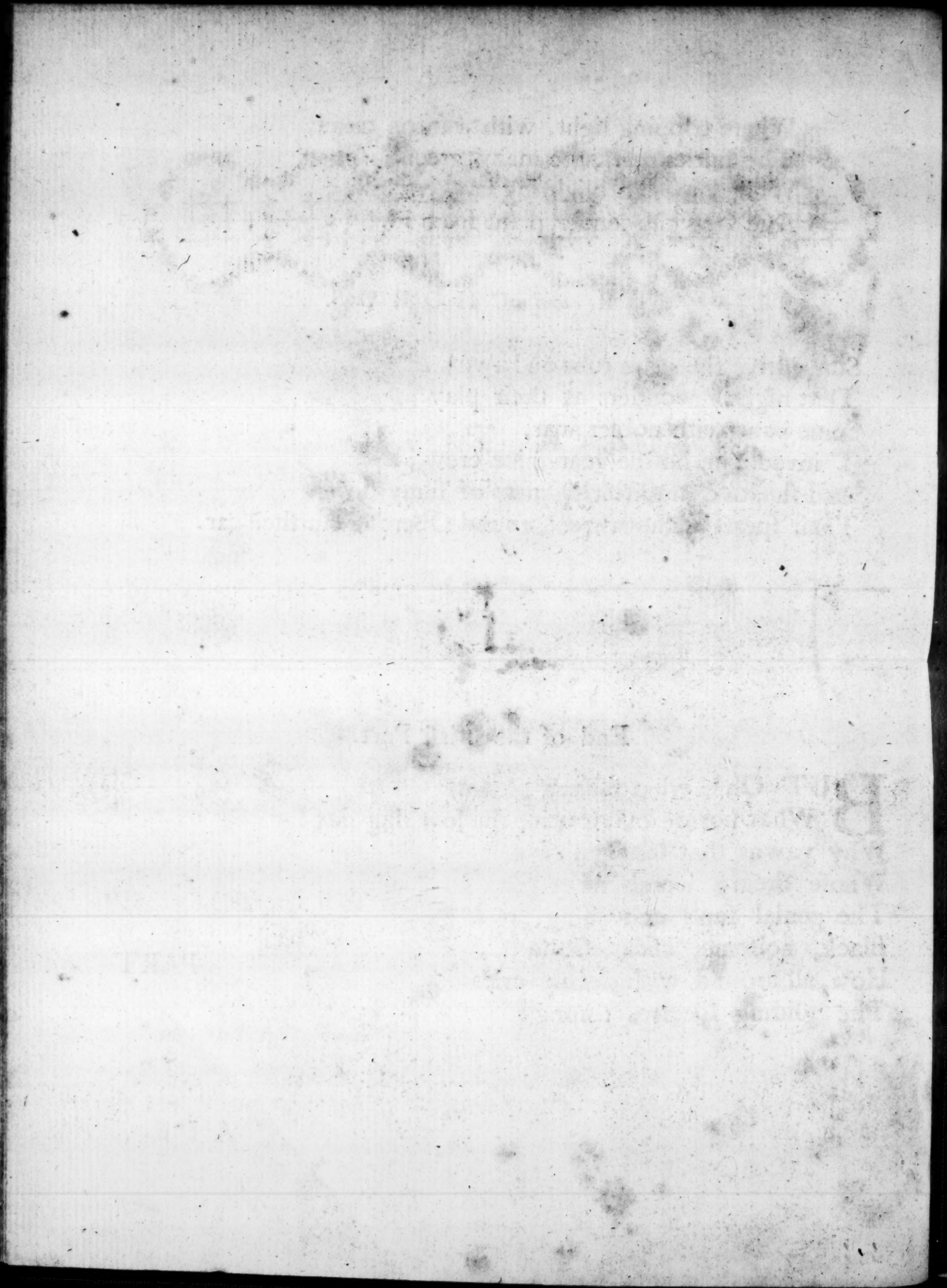
A I R *and* C H O R U S.

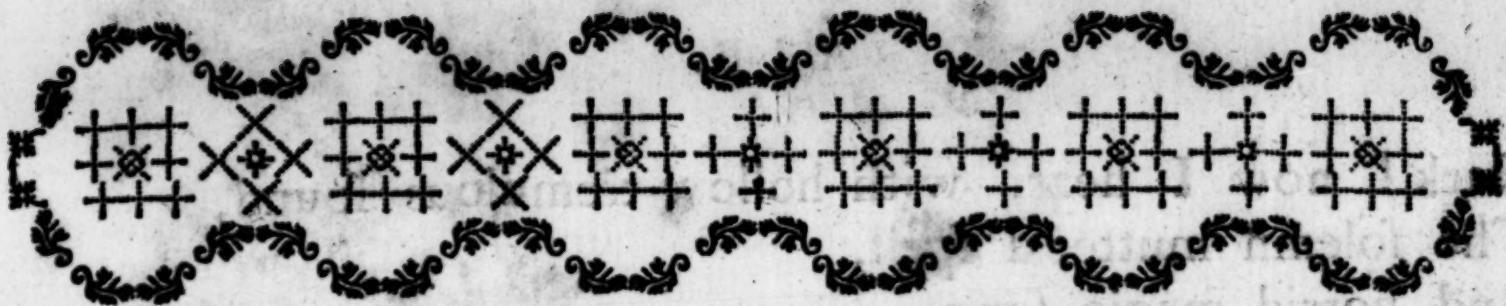
Some drive the clam'rous owl away,
That nightly wonders at their play.
Some pant with nobler war,
T' invade the hostile rear-mice crew ;
And sheath'd in glittering arms of filmy dew,
Their spears of thorn erect, round Oberon's nutshell car.

End of the First Part.

C

PART





P A R T II.

ACCOMPANIED RECITATIVE.

BUT Oh! what sudden gloom,
What horror overspreads the low'ring day!
Why yawns that shagged cave,
Whose dreary womb ne'er felt
The genial sun's enlivening ray?
Black, noisome, cheerless, lo!
How all around with feeble cries
The gliding spectres throng!

A I R.

A I R.

Hark! now I hear, with hollow tremulous sound,
The solemn mutter'd spell,
And horrid magic song.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Save me! what wither'd forms my soul affright.

C H O R U S.

By the pale light of yon blue fire,
I know their scowling fronts and wild attire.

R E C I T A T I V E.

See through the glimmering darkness of the cave,
By Paddocke warn'd, their rites they sing,
And slowly stalk in dismal ring,
Around the charmed cauldron's bubbling wave.

C H O R U S.

What howling whirlwinds rend the sky!
Why shakes the ivy-mantled tower?

The

The conscious sun turns back his eye,
And Nature, trembling, owns their power.

ACCOMPANIED RECITATIVE.

For whom, at yonder livid flame,
Do you the deed without a name?
Ye secret hags, whence breathes this sound?
Why sinks that cauldron in the ground?
What means that armed head?
Why comes that bloody child?
The hags are fled,
They vanish'd into air.
Amazement chills my soul!

A I R.

Whither, ye beldams, do ye roam?
Love ye wild Lapland's Gothic night?
None now shall tread the cavern's gloom,
Nor spy your dreadful mystic rite.

A I R.

None now shall see on yonder plain,
The gambols of Titania's train;
Nor hear, at her command, the melting song,
As slowly fails the brightning sky along.

D

CHO-

CHORUS.

The tempests cease,
The charm'd deep sinks before the sound,
A purer glory dawns around,
Soft sigh the list'ning gales, and all is peace.

RECITATIVE.

No more the elves, with printless pace,
The ocean's ebbing waters chase,
Or fly the swelling tide;
Nor over the wide-water'd shore,
Sit list'ning to the curfew's fullen roar,
Nor nightly mushrooms raise along the mountain side.

A I R.

Ariel, who sees thee now,
Upon the batt's wing sail along the sky?
Who sees thee fit upon the blossom'd bough,
Bask on the rose, or in the cowslip lie?

RECITATIVE.

No more shalt thou upon the sharp North run,
Or pierce into the earth, or tread the main;
No more with clouds bedimm the mid-day sun,
Or fire the angry bolt, or pour down rattling rain.

DUET.

D U E T.

For who can wield like Shakespeare's skilful hand,
That magic wand,
Whose potent sway,
The elves of earth, of air, and sea obey?

C H O R U S.

Yet, Fancy, once again on Britain smile,
Yet chuse some favourite son again,
O'er all thy boundless realms to reign,
Oh, give another Shakespeare to our isle.

F I N I S.

1815

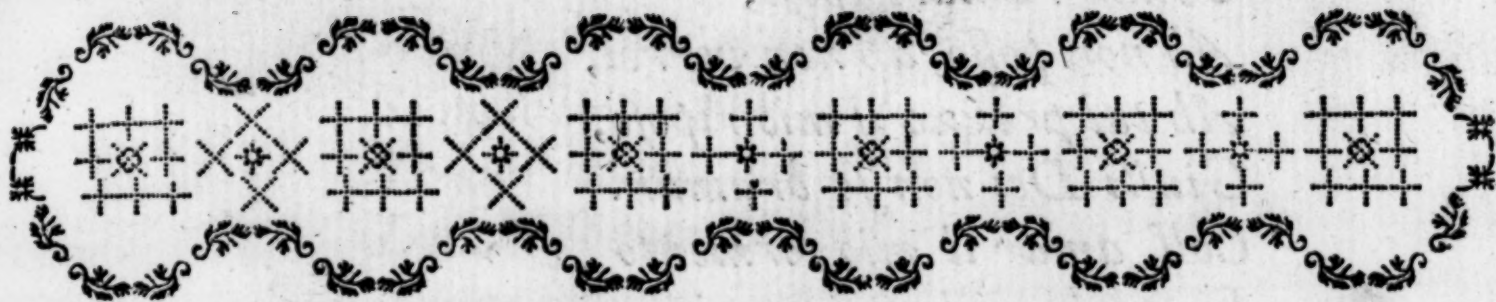
THE GREAT

For who can rival like Shalott's knight,
That magic wand, that magic light,
Whole potent sway,
The eyes of earth, of sea, and of the sky.

CHORUS

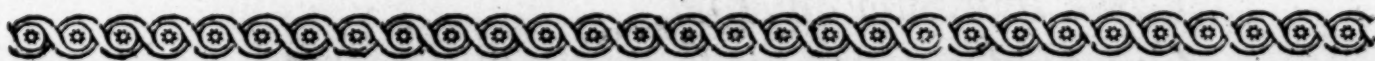
Yet Percy's eyes upon Britain smile,
Yet could some laurels for again be
Over all the borders, to reign,
Oh, give another Shalott's knight his life.

FINIS



PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS ACT.



NEW OVERTURE.

SONG, nel Opera MONTEZUMA.

SON quel nocchier costante,
Che a nuovo rischio attento,
Fida le vele al vento,
E le speranza al mar.

CONCERTO OBOE. FISCHER.

E

SONG.

SONG. BACH.

*Obliar l'amato sposo,
 Ah non posso, ah non vorrei,
 Ah tal prezzo il mio riposo,
 Giusti Dei non so bramar.
 Coll' amar il mio tormento
 Finer deve il pianto mio,
 Io non cerco altro contento,
 Che di piangere ed amar.*

CONCERTO VIOLIN. LINLEY junior.

SONG. SACCHINI.

RECITATIVE.

*Sventurata che avvenne ?
 Ah ! quel periglio.
 Come evitavlo oh Dei.
 Cui fu l'oggetto dal mio giusto furore,
 Le lagrime domanda, or dal mio core.
 No non chiedo dal ciel,
 Ne da Fernando piu la vendetta mia,
 Rodorigo merita soccorso,
 O almen lo tentero t'arresta,
 Ah ! Cimene ! ove vai ! chi ti consiglia,
 Soccorso a un parricida ?
 E tu sei figlia ? ma che faro,
 La smania mi rapisce a me stessa,
 E qui fratanto irresoluta,
 E in pianto inutil resto,
 Ah no ! vanne, ma dove ?
 Sfortunata Cimene ah ! dove mai,
 Si tremante e smarita ove n'andrai.*

ARIA.

ARIA.

*Andar dovei ma come ?
 Se moto il pie non ha ?
 Trovar vorrei ma dove ?
 Da chi sperar pietà ?
 Padre infelice ! misero amante !
 Sorte spietata ;
 Ah ! che non ho consiglio,
 Ah ! che il fatal periglio,
 Già delirar mi fa.*

DUETTO. PICCINI.

*Fra l'ombre meste o cara,
 Un tuo sospiro almeno,
 Mi venga a consolar :
 Vuol la mia sorte amara,
 Ch' ancor dilette in seno,
 Io non ti deggio amar !
 Crudel t' ascolto, e vivo ?
 Lasciami, oh Dio ! che affanno !
 Ah ! che destin tiranno !
 Ah ! che infelice amor !
 Duo sventurati amanti,
 Scherno degli astri rei
 Sarete paghi, O Dei,
 Di fulminar ognor.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Your voices tune, and raise them high,
 Till th'echo, from the vaulted sky,
 The blest CECILIA name :
 Musick to Heav'n and her we owe,
 The greatest blessing that's below,
 Sound loudly then her fame.

Let's imitate her notes above.
 And may this ev'ning ever prove
 Sacred to Harmony and Love.

F I N I S.

